

FAMOUS MOUNTS OF
FAMOUS SOLDIERS.

Andrew Jackson's Lady Marion
and His Great Devotion
to Her.

GEN. TAYLOR'S OLD WHITEY.

"Stonewall" Jackson's Sorrell,
Winfield Scott's Rollo and
Washington, and A. S.
Johnson's Fire Eater.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
History has many times been chronicled by the
death of a general's horse. Poems have been written about him, school-
boys have been given lessons about him, and morals have been pointed by him. He
is an interesting figure and nowhere has he been more interesting than in the United
States.

General Andrew Jackson's horse was famous. He was a fine rider, an ardent
lover of horses, and his pet, "Lady Marion," is said to have inspired several
stanzas of the popular ballad, "The Battle of New Orleans." An artist came to paint
the general's portrait shortly after this celebrated victory, and "Old Hickory" re-
fused to grant a sitting unless "Lady Marion" was included on the same canvas.

The picture was made according to General Jackson's instructions, and a copy of the painting now adorns the New York City Hall.

The best-known horse of the Mexican War was General Zachary Taylor's "Old Whitey." He was the hero's favorite, and was as well known to the army as the commander himself. Snow-white in color and always mettlesome, the general rode him constantly, notwithstanding the objections made by staff officers who complained that the animal's color made General Taylor a conspicuous mark in action.

"Old Whitey" resembled an English cob in figure, and all who were near the general became very fond of the animal.

Like "Stonewall" Jackson, "Sorrell" also was a favorite of the general.

In an interview given out by General Longstreet, the Confederate leader, he made the following allusion to Taylor's "Old Whitey":

"My memory is very clear in regard to General Taylor and his horse Whitey, which he so loved. When the horse was standing General Taylor usually swung one leg over the pommel of his saddle, and, as Whitey was not a particularly gentle steed for a white horse, he usually respected his master's comfort on such occasions. 'Stonewall' Jackson's horse Sorrell resembled old Whitey in disposition, but not in color."

The last survivor of President Taylor's family contributed a brief account of the close of Whitey's career. It is as follows:

"Old Whitey was a great pet with us all, and was never out of the house. He returned from Mexico, and when he went to Washington the war horse was sent to his plantation. During his stay there, his father's death he was sent back to the plantation, then the home of my brother-in-law, where he was kept until his death. He was a very fine horse, and was very much loved by all who knew him."

General Winfield Scott, born two years later than General Taylor, rode two historic chargers during his campaigns in Mexico. They were "Rollo" and "Washington," and each of them was more than a match for any horse of the day.

General Scott used an animal he called "Napoleon," a blooded, nearly 15 hands high. He was probably the most powerful steed ever ridden by a soldier, and the veteran praised the animal so highly that at his death he instructed his hostler, Peter, to "take good care of Napoleon." At the military funeral which followed at West Point the lieutenant Napoleon, properly caparisoned, followed the remains of his master in the procession to the United States Cemetery, a procession which included Grant, seven corps commanders and some 20 general and field officers, all on foot, behind Scott's war horse.

Only less celebrated than "Old Rollo" and "Napoleon" was Captain Charles May's Black Tom, a magnificent coal-black gelding. May, mounted on Tom, was the best sabreur of Taylor's army in Mexico, enjoying the same reputation for dash that Custer won in the Army of the Potomac. He was killed at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, May 9, 1864, and, leaping Tom over one of the guns, captured General La Vega and the entire battery of six pieces.

A. S. Johnson's Fire Eater.

General Albert Sydney Johnston, who fell in the first day's struggle at Shiloh, was a great lover of animals, and when appointed a cadet to the United States Military Academy, in 1822, he brought a beautiful horse, which he presented to his sister, saying: "I cannot sell Charlie; he might fall into hands where he would be badly treated; but you will always be kind to him."

Young Johnston had invariably displayed unusual kindness to his horse, and dogs often leading the former when he believed Charlie had become fatigued.



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CHARLEY WILDRICH A MARVEL
AS A CONQUEROR OF HEARTS.

Charged With Swindling, He Is Defended by the Dying Girl,
Who Was His Latest Companion.



Charles W. Wildrich.

Miss Mabel Strong.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.
New York, May 4.—"Charley" Wildrich, spendthrift and alleged hotel beat, is the wonder of the hour in the world of graft.

His arrest on a charge of attempting to beat the Hotel Gerard out of a board bill of \$70 has resulted in his own story of his career. The friend of many women, he roamed like D'Artagnan; but his life history on other lines is in sharp contrast as narrated by a number of persons who have had dealings with him.

To Mabel Strong of Cleveland, the girl Wildrich last admitted, he is the Prince Charming of new-century knighthood; to W. A. Cockley, agent for a Pennsylvania metal company, he is "worthy of a full prosecution." Wildrich has been mentioned as the co-responder in a suit for absolute divorce brought by Cockley against Mrs. Mary Cockley.

While the Cockleys resided in Philadelphia last June, Cockley alleges that Mrs. Cockley became infatuated with Wildrich and later went to New York with him. As the "Gordon Sterlings," Wildrich and Mabel Strong were living modestly at West 35th St. at the time of his arrest. Even modest bills must be paid, however, and when Manager Hamblin asked for a settlement "Sterling" gave him a draft for \$50 on E. D. Sterling of Philadelphia. The draft came back protested. "E. D. Sterling" was not to be found. At about the same time "Sterling" received a check for \$15 payable to Charles W. Wildrich. "Sterling" is a soldier. He was a cadet and en-

bryo officer until 1888. He then accepted a position with the New York Central Railroad. His father was at that time with troops at Alcatraz Island, New Mexico.

After a brief routine of business life, the young railroad man went to the Southern Pacific and was sent to California. He changed to save Col. P. Huntington from a dangerous fall while the latter was in the West on a tour, and for this service Mr. Huntington secured him the appointment of Assistant Customs-house Agent.

"Cow Puncher" in the West.
Wildrich was train agent for the Southern Pacific when the conductors of the line went out on a strike in 1890. While at Tulare in San Joaquin district he shot two Mexicans and prevented a train hold-up. In 1892 Lieutenant Colonel Wildrich returned to the East, accompanied by his son. For three years "Charley" Wildrich led the life of a man about town. His father died and he journeyed all the way to Laramie City, Wyo., to earn a livelihood as a cow puncher.

At Laramie City he later managed a hotel for a woman. Neighbors said the manager and the owner of the hotel were in love, and the gossip led to a duel between Wildrich and the woman's brother. Shot in the chest, changed, but neither was painfully injured. From Laramie City Wildrich went to Chicago. He drifted to Detroit, and there met Miss Jennie Armstrong, a Louisville girl, who was interested in several promising race horses. Wildrich declares they finally parted in anger. He next met Mrs. Cockley. After they had parted he was introduced to Mabel Strong, and in regard to his friendship for her, Wildrich said recently:

"There was nothing wrong in my relations with Miss Strong. It seems hard that the one good act of my life should land me in prison. We loved each other, but she would not consent to a marriage until she knew she would live. She feared consumption. I brought her here hoping the climate might be able to cure her. Poor girl, it is too bad."

Devotion of Mabel Strong.
Miss Strong's father, Clayton E. Strong, who lives in Cleveland, came here to take his daughter home. The young woman, who is dying of quick consumption, declares that she thought she was married by verbal contract in the presence of witnesses to Charles W. Wildrich, when she ran away with him. She still devotedly loves him, vows that he has been misrepresented, that so far from neglecting her, he has always shown her the greatest affection and attention. Instead of falling in with her father's wishes, the young woman is even now planning to rejoin Wildrich. For like most consumptives, she has eternal hopes of recovery.

"No matter what Mabel's past, that is gone," said Mr. Strong. "She is my daughter, she is dying, I will take care of her. Miss Strong is fragile, wasted almost to a shadow. Her features are delicate, refined. She has blue eyes, her eyebrows are heavily marked, are almost black; a mass of wavy brown hair crowns her well-shaped head. She calls Wildrich by the pet name of 'Tad.'"

"I want to deny positively and absolutely that 'Tad' has ever neglected me," she says. "I have had everything that he could get for me."

"Once, although perhaps I should not tell it, he pawned his overcoat when the weather was cold to get medicine for me. That does not look like neglect, does it?"

"The story that Tad told people that I had made my will and was going to leave

him \$5,000, or all my money, is absurd. I have no money. I had none when I first met him, and he knew it, and told me that he was glad of it."

"I inherited a little money, but I could not have lived on the income. Then I spent the principal without thinking. Then I woke up one day and found that I had a little jewelry and perhaps \$500. That was gone, too, long before I knew Mr. Wildrich."

While speaking of Wildrich Miss Strong's listless manner became animated, her eyes grew even brighter. Plainly she loves Wildrich.

Said Wildrich in the fall: "Many misstatements have been made about me. Let them go. I want to deny only that I have ever neglected Miss Strong or that I ever expected any money from her. I have done everything for her that a man could do. No one knows it better than she."

When I first knew her—last October—I knew that she had more money and never would have any. It will be the regret of my life if I cannot take her to another climate. But perhaps that may be done yet."

Bicycles in War.
One of the special bicycles built for the use of the British troops in South Africa which went through the campaign with General Buller's column was recently exhibited in London, where its excellent condition, considering the knocking about it had received, excited general comment.

There would be less unpleasantness at the theater," exclaimed the wife of a well-known manager, who had just come from the matinee performance of a current success. "I do hate to be talked at."

"Who has been talking at you now?" asked the manager.

"Well, you know, you gave me a seat to the theater for this afternoon," said the woman. "After having been married to you for a little matter of a dozen years I consider myself pretty well supplied in the matter of stage ethics. I know how to deport myself in a theater, if anybody knows."

"I always take off my hat when the orchestra strikes up; I don't put my wraps on the next seat to have to remove them the minute its claimant appears, and I don't scowl like a fend when a man asks to pass me on his way out between the acts."

"This afternoon I was early at the theater. I wanted to watch the house fill up, to see who was there I knew, to take in the costumes and listen to the anticipations of the audience. Behind me were several others that were also early. There were two women and a man. They had been chattering away for some time on subjects that didn't attract my attention, but, as it grew later, they struck into a line that directly concerned me."

"The man was made the medium for a number of remarks addressed at me. The woman, first one, then the other, would loudly wonder whether I wasn't going to take off that hat. Then they would announce in the tones of martyrs that it was impossible for them to get a view of the stage. Then they would wonder how it was that people could come to the theater and be so inconsiderate of the comfort of others. They annoyed me immensely. And the man was no better. He finally turned to me and said: 'Madam, it is the rule of the house that no hats be worn.' Well, that made me downright angry. All this, you understand, before the house was half filled and before the musicians had climbed into their places from under the stage."

"I determined then that I would most certainly not remove my hat during the performance, and I didn't. After the curtain went up the man called an usher, who asked me to take off my hat. I told him that I had intended doing so, but that the undue manner in which the man had spoken had caused me to change my mind. 'My hat stays on,' I said, and, furthermore, I turned around and explained, with such sarcasm as I could muster, that the wrong course had been pursued."

"Most women of breeding will remove their hats when the curtain goes up, but they do not care to do so earlier, because they must hold the hat in their lap, and it is liable to be snatched by other persons passing through the row before the performance is on. Am I right?"

"You are," said the manager, "and I think I'll incorporate your ideas in a note on my programmes."

DREAMS LEAD TO
DIVORCE PETITION.

Husband Said His Parents Up-
braided Him in His Sleep
for Being Childless.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.
New York, May 4.—Mrs. Lena Kaplan, wife of a well-to-do West Houston street clothing merchant, says her husband's dreams are responsible for the divorce proceedings now pending between them. She does not believe in dreams, any way, and for this reason the situation is particularly hard for her, she says.

When she called on her attorneys she tearfully narrated her grievances. She said she had been married for twelve years and that all had been well between herself and her husband until he began to dream strange dreams.

"My husband began by telling me that his dead parents had upbraided him while he was in a trance for not having any children, and then he told me that he must obey

THE MANAGER'S WIFE
DISCUSSES THE ETHICS OF HATS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

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them and procure a divorce from me. I protested that I had always made him a good wife and that it was cruel in him to try to desert me."

"Mr. Kaplan's attorney says his client has been paying Mrs. Kaplan alimony, and that instead of his instituting proceedings for a divorce, Mrs. Kaplan had made application for a limited divorce, giving abandonment as grounds for action."

"MONTE CRISTO'S WEDDING."
Will Be Played by Children for
Children's Hospital.

"Monte Cristo's Wedding" will be given upon an elaborate scale by forty children Friday night and Saturday matinee, May 17 and 18, at the Century Theater, for the benefit of the St. Louis Children's Hospital. The play is made up of characters from the latest and most successful plays. The children will dress and represent these characters, singing the songs, dancing every kind of national and modern dance.

The continuing of the play is to be a feature, some of it being quite elaborate. A full orchestra will be in attendance, led by Mr. Jacob Mahler, who is arranging the entire production.

Salvation Army Statistics.
The latest statistics of the Salvation Army show that there are 722 corps now in the United States, with twenty-four food depots, which have furnished 110,000 monthly meals; 59 social institutions for the poor, with total daily accommodation in the same of 7,290.

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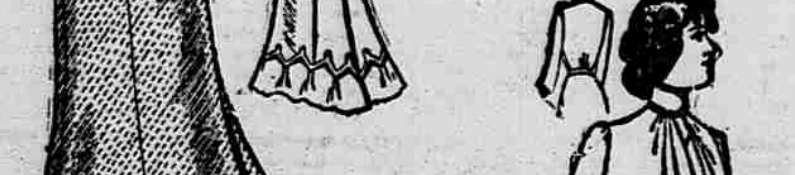
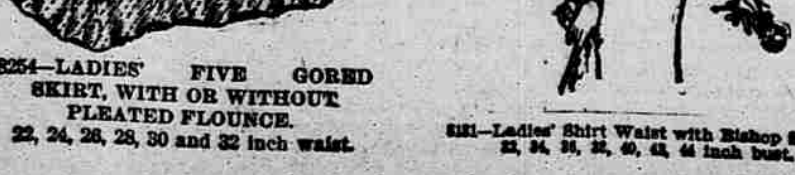
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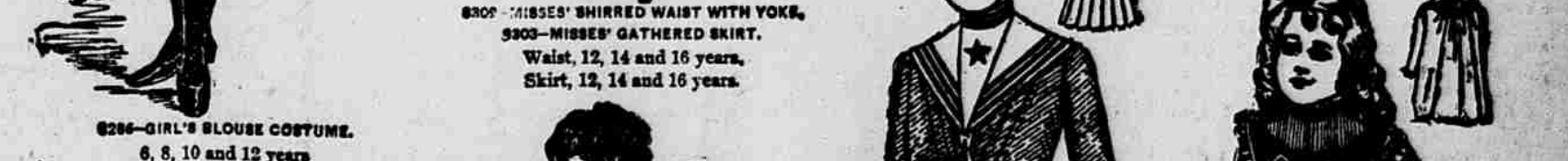
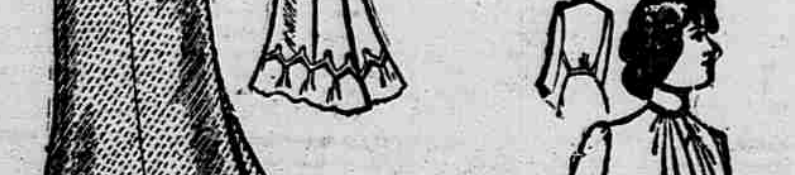
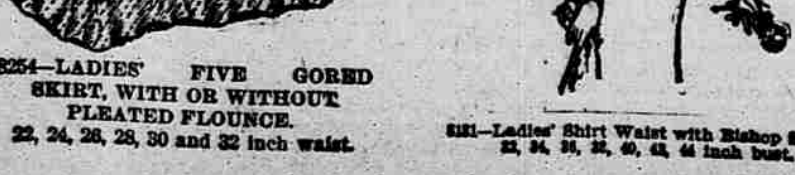
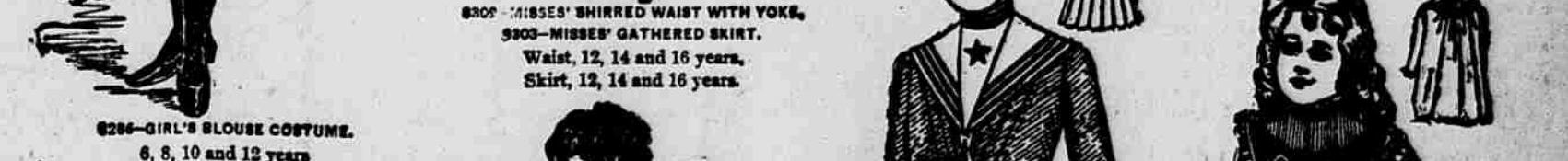
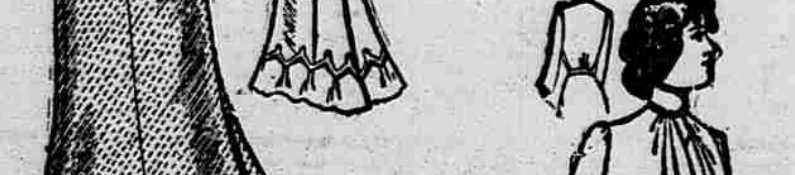
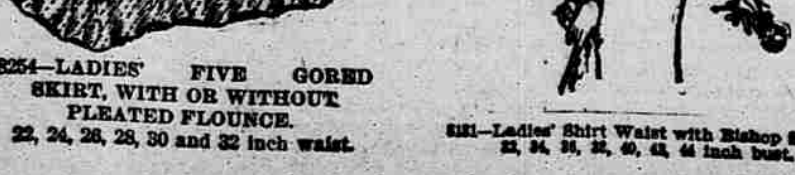
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